

ODYSSSEY

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Volume 1...

ODYSSEY NEWSLETTER

Issue No. 10

1981

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Ed.

ODYSSEY NEWSLETTER POLICY

The policy of the Odyssey Newsletter is to bring to the attention of the public what we, the members of the Odyssey Group and other contributing authors, believe to be gross injustices perpetrated by the Canadian Correctional Service, Canada's Justice System, and all other services related to the correction field.

The views expressed in the Newsletter are those of the contributing authors with the full support of the Odyssey Group members. They are not the views of the Canadian Correctional Service, nor are they necessarily those of other prisoners.

The Odyssey Group is a group of long time prisoners who feel that prisons and the justice system in Canada can be changed by non-violent means. It is our purpose to do all in our power to bring about those changes.

Public apathy can only be combatted through education. Hopefully, this Newsletter will serve that purpose.

Sincerely yours

The editor

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JOSEPH PATRICK CHAPMAN

Aug. 25, 1935 - Jan. 18, 1981

I first met Joey Chapman about ten years ago. It was at Matsqui Medium Security Institution, Abbotsford, where I had been invited to speak about my experiences in Vietnam. I remembered him because of the special interest he showed, the questions he asked - how did the Vietnamese prisoners live? how were they treated? How long were their sentences?

We began to write to each other and it was only then that we discovered I had known two of his sisters for many years - Terry and Ann. However, this wasn't the only reason our friendship deepened. It was simply because of the very real person I found Joey to be. He was a warm, caring person - keenly interested in the events around him, not only within the prison system, but about everything in the whole wide world. He had a profound understanding of the political and social forces in our society.

While at Matsqui, he took full advantage of the opportunity to upgrade his high school and completed one year of university.

His insight extended not only to his own condition - a difficult task when one had been in and out of the Canadian prison system which is not particularly noted for its humane aspects - but to that of many others with whom he came in contact. When he came out about three years ago, he worked at conquering his drug addiction and was well on the way towards that goal.

A new love, Jeannie Joseph - a new location, Alert Bay - a new life was before him. Jeannie and Joey were to be married as soon as he received copy of his birth certificate. They were looking forward to the birth of

their child in the months to come.

IT HURTS to have to tell you that along with Jeannie's brother and nephew, Joey went clam fishing on the NAMCO II and never came back. On January 18th the 33 foot gillnetter turned over and they were all drowned.

Once the shock of the news wears off, and the sharp edge of the pain begins to ease, a person begins to think about the friend they have just lost. It would be a simple matter to remember the best, to say how Joey was well liked by all who knew him. That is true, but that wouldn't be the whole truth. Of course Joey had his faults and his weaknesses, even as we all do.

But I have to tell you, as a person who has been in close contact with prisoners over the years and under many circumstances, that the letters, and later the visits, and finally the joy of seeing him a free man back on the street added to my own understanding of what prison does to a person. It also increased my admiration for this man who had obviously hit the very depths, who had come up and fallen back the way so many others did, but always had enough guts to give it another try and always had enough compassion left over to help someone else along the way.

It helped me to know people like Joey - good people, they are called - the kind of good people who write poems like this one, to a favourite niece:

NINA

Tall woman child. Irresistible.

Warming a cold heart

With determined goodness

Purifies a human wound

Tender innocence of youth

Ushering in the fragrant spring
of rejuvenated life.

Tall woman child,

I love you.

It is not to be surprised that the same Joey could leave us another part of himself - something which could well have been written for this very moment - a message which his prison pals will understand:

A man sometimes looks into himself and sees
who and what he really is.
He sees himself in terms of life's experience.
He sees himself free of distortion.
Absolutely - as he really is.
He sees himself transcending.
He sees himself gaining momentum
and growing strong.

He grows...
What a tremendous experience life has been!
And this thought fills his present
With an unshakeable spirit to carry on.

So, if I have been ravished by the social forces
that produced me,
These same forces educated me.
Therefore I feel at least in a position
to make a decision about myself.

Joey, it seems, had made that decision about himself. Unfortunately, he didn't get to see it take root and grow.

And so, we have left our memories of this very human man, and our hopes and well wishes for his Jeannie and their unborn child.

Claire Culhane

ABOLISH PRISONS

For too many years I've sat in this prison and watched human beings destroyed to satisfy a society's lust for revenge.

Maybe I'm just too cynical and that really isn't the reason but I can't think of any other. Perhaps no more glaring example to support that argument is the twenty-five year minimum a person must serve before being eligible for parole. Even though the government admits it was brought in to appease the people demanding capital punishment, and everyone knew it, no one believed in it. The people demanding capital punishment haven't stopped. No one was appeased and those opposed to capital punishment were outraged at the stupidity of it all. No one, other than the few government figures who drafted it believe in it and even they have now seen the stupidity of it but are afraid to change it.

And that's just about the whole prison trip. It's useless, it does society far more harm than good yet those in authority are afraid to change it. Certainly there have been several changes in prison over the years but in most cases, they have been of absolutely no benefit to anyone. Basically prisons are the same now as they were over a hundred years ago.

We don't receive the brutal physical punishment prisoners received years ago but we leave prison every bit as brutalized. The fact is that prisons are psychological torture and no one can endure that torture without being brutalized. Deprived of all decency, forever trying to cope in a hostile environment, changes a person. That person becomes very tough. With his or her feelings trampled into the ground day after day, they learn to suppress those feelings until it reaches the point where there are very little or none left. The

prisoner's most common feeling is frustration that eventually turns to rage.

Authorities, civilians, and even prisoners speak of a prison code. Social scientists speak of a sub-culture. Neither actually exist in prison. What does exist is a prison culture. Just like every isolated people, we have developed a culture best suited to our environment. We didn't sit down and plan it. It evolved just like any other. It evolved as it needed to in order to cope with changing conditions.

The so called code promoted by the media is always described as being very hard. The usual argument used to prove that is the killing of sexual offenders and informers. It is partially true. Not to the extreme people are led to believe, but partially true. What isn't true are the reasons given for it.

Prisons just have too many restrictions. None of us could survive as any type of human being if we didn't violate them. An informer in our midst would make that impossible. They have to be removed in order for us to survive and, of course, the authorities do not want them removed. Unless they are placed under severe threat, we are forced to live with them.

We don't have any self government and certainly no legal system to deal with acts of treason in our society. Our only recourse is to resort to violence. As long as the authorities insist on using agents, we have absolutely no recourse but to turn to violence in order to protect ourselves.

Brutal? Yes, but we did not create the brutal environment that makes it all necessary. A revenge seeking society did that. We are reacting in the only way we know how to that environment.

There have been many changes in recent years that were made to make prison less hostile and to allow a prisoner

to adopt a program that might earn him an earlier release through parole. They have never worked for several reasons. Because of the possibility of parole, sentences have become much larger coupled with the fact that very few people make a full parole. A reform that was supposed to reduce time served in prison has resulted in a prisoner serving much longer time inside.

Programs meant to help a prisoner are almost never used simply because of the methods of staff promotions used by the penitentiary service. Staff members who cause the service embarrassment are not promoted. As a result, the staff members responsible for these programs do not ask themselves, "What program is this prisoner best suited for" but rather "What can this prisoner do to embarrass me." The only safe way out of that position for him is to make no decision at all. As a result, the bear number of prisoners needed to keep these programs alive ever benefit from them. That is a very small majority.

In the case of the Parole Service, new employees are very strongly instructed to "Protect your own ass. Once again, the bear number of prisoners are ever granted to some type of parole just to keep hope alive in the rest of us and to justify the Board's existence.

For the public to believe the programs announced by the Correctional Service of Canada and the Solicitor-General is to be quite mistaken. None of these programs are ever offered to any but a very select few prisoners.

It really boils down to a case of wanting to have your cake and eat it too. People do want to reform prisoners if for no other reason than they fear they might be the next victim if they don't, but they want their pound of flesh too. Unfortunately, you can't have both.

The only alternative to this never ending circle is the end to prisons. To end crime in your society you have to erase revenge from your judicial system. If a person is a danger to your society and you cannot curb that danger within your own community, forget about revenge and do what is necessary to make that person a better citizen. Exile him or her to their own community. A community where they must learn to cooperate with their community members in order to survive.

If the families of those people in exile wish to join them, by all means let them do so. Eliminate the correctional service entirely and turn the borders of this community over to immigration. The members of that community will have to learn to work at a steady job and cooperate with other members of the community. In short, do everything required in a normal community. It would be their only means of survival. When that person has finished his or her term of exile, they will have been trained to function in a normal community setting rather than the torture chambers they are now taught to function in.

It actually comes down to a very simple question but a very difficult decision. Does society want to eliminate crime or torture the criminal? The choice is yours and it is you that has to live with it. When making the decision, don't try to copper your bets. It's impossible to have both.

Tommy Smith

The Empire, as I have always said, is a bread and butter question. If you want to avoid civil war, you must become imperialists.

Cecil Rhodes

LETTER TO PAUL

December, 1980

Hello my friend:

Since writing you last, summer has passed and fall has turned to winter. We haven't had a white Xmas for a few years now but it looks like we will have one this year.

A lot has been happening in the past four months in the penitentiary system, so without delay I'll try to bring you up to date on some of the major events as they pertain to Millhaven.

A Family Visiting Program has been approved for 5 maxs including the P4W. The first visit will be here in Millhaven in late December. There's a two bedroom trailer inside the security perimeter complete with washer, dryer, T.V., shower, furniture, a crib and a playpen for smaller children. Of the approximately 9,500 federal prisoners in Canada, about 500-7000 are eligible. There's no doubt the program will be a success, but only time will tell who for. None of the input by prisoners' submissions and proposals were accepted so, like I said, time will determine the flavour and effect of this privileged program.

The hourly wage for prisoners that was approved in 1973, wasn't implemented in September as promised. It was postphoned again and a 15 cent a day increase was given. The prisoners at Collin's Bay went on a work strike for higher wages and for awhile it looked like the Haven was going to strike also, but some shrewd maneuvers by administrators prevented what could have had a domino effect across Canada.

We were informed that the strike in the Bay was for

reasons other than wages and that it was being called off. The vote taken after that news was insufficient to call for a general work-strike. The following day, slips were passed under the cell doors in the Bay stating that the Haven had voted not to support their strike; so their strike was called off. The fellows in med. don't get the \$2.00 a day bonus that some prisoners get here at the Haven so their financial situation is more desperate, so desperate in fact that a month or so later a couple of prisoners wearing belliclavas robbed a prison instructor of \$50.00. Ottawa approved an extra \$1.00 a day for the prisoners in the Haven that work in the industrial shops but it wasn't implemented because it would only apply to about seventy men. You'd think that the extra funds could have been utilized for the entire population by putting it in the prisoner's welfare fund. The way it stands, no prisoners benefit.

There was an escape attempt by 12 prisoners in Laval. One prisoner was shot and killed. The remaining prisoners held hostages for shields and with their backs to the wall, held out for a couple of days before surrendering. I read in the paper and heard on the radio that some of the prisoners had pistols, but they were facing about 40 sharpshooters and armoured vehicles were on stand-by so were in a hopeless situation. They were lucky to come out of it alive. I'm told that 10 of the prisoners had previously been in S.H.U. or segregation for lengthy periods of time.

There was some pretty heavy tension building in Dorchester but nothing was done to disfuse the situation. I'm not saying that the tensions were purposefully created. You know how it is Paul, it's the pressures combined with what prisoners perceive to be hopelessness of ever getting out of prison. The parole board has

the hope of almost all prisoners hostage and there's nothing prisoners can do to control their destiny so, naturally, there's a lot of hostility and resentment in prisoners. Staff and administrators try to suppress it and that's like poring gas on hot coals. Two guards were taken hostage by three prisoners. It ended with one guard being killed by a shotgun blast fired by his rescuers. Naturally, it caused another outcry for the return of capital punishment.

That outcry was ignored by most, but other steps were taken that effect all prisoners. 163 potentially violent prisoners have been placed in segregation and the Solicitor-General has stated that a new super-maximum security penitentiary will be built in New Brunswick. It will be like S.H.U. except no overt act of violence is required in order to be locked up for a minimum of two years. Apparently the Prime Minister reaffirmed to the community of Renios, during his campaign, that a penitentiary would be built there. He must be clairvoyant as the problems of violence that are being used to justify the prison came more than a year after the campaign promise. You and I know that if there was only 164 prisoners in Canada, 163 could be classified as potentially dangerous, given the fact that qualifying is based on how guards, administrators, and informants percieve any particular prisoner.

Well Paul, that's pretty much the major news of what's been happening. I wish I could have been more positive but you just can't make lemonade from walnuts.

I think the present commissioner might be transfered to another job soon and I'm inclined to think that 'Hank' will be the new appointee. Nothing factual, just personal speculation. Hopefully, in my next

letter, I'll be able to tell you some really good news like mandatory supervision being abolished.

As for myself, I'm doing very well. My spirit is very strong and my fight is just, and with right comes might. The establishment operates on the principle that might is right so you can see that we are diametrically opposed.

Must sign off now Paul. -'By the way, have you found yourself a cute little angel? I bet you are doing Okay, and that's great.

Be seeing you someday my friend

Solidarity forever.

REHABILITATION

What is rehabilitation? Somehow the original meaning gets lost in our penal system. It is said by the administrators... We offer them (the prisoners) constructive activities, as well as educational opportunities, and counselling. By these means we are rehabilitating them so that when they are returned to society they will not only have paid their debt, but gained something from their incarceration.

As a prisoner, I feel that I am expected to pay for what I have been accused of doing. But with today's judicial and penal system, I will pay for the rest of my life. After you have been through the judicial formalities that are commonly labeled as justice, you begin a life of hell on earth that will scar you for the rest of your life. Those who are not bitter, and tortured with the burning hatred of the establishment and everything it stands for, are left as institutional vegetables.

The system's so called rehabilitation consists of unnecessary harassment by means of verbal abuse, and physical shake-downs of your person and personal belongings. We are prejudged and diagnosed as animals. We are, first and foremost, prisoners. Being a person comes last on the list. We are expected to revert back to the crawling age. And if we try to stand on our own, rest assured there will always be someone there to knock you down again.

In my opinion...the system defines rehabilitation as... Be a nice little convict, eat your fried ice cream, and like it!

A common argument on this subject is ... that there are thousands of tax dollars wasted every year on this so called rehabilitation for the prisoners. Granted

this is very true. But what is more crucial...the dollars wasted or the mental and physical degradation that is suffered by the prisoners. The kind of suffering that often goes back with them to the free world. And many times brings them back as repeaters.

The suffering is the end result of the wasted dollars. But money can be replaced...a human mind cannot.

The law can dictate how a prison is to be ran. But the changes must take place from within the system, through the administrators and officers for the change of law to be affective. Until then... we will suffer.

Dharlene Moore

September 30, 1980.

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If capital punishment is such a deterrent, how come the execution of Christ didn't stamp out Christianity, the execution of Socrates, philosophy, and the execution of John Brown and Nat Turner man's fight for freedom.

Selective perception I guess.

If rage promotes good health, most prisoners will out live Adam.

THE POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS

No doubt everyone has heard in the past few months about a new policy instituted by the Solicitor-General's Department that calls for the segregation of all prisoners deemed to be potentially dangerous by prison authorities. The plan even calls for a special built prison in New Brunswick.

Can that happen in a society such as Canada? Apparently it can. Without benefit of either a trial or any type of hearing prisoners will be placed in solitary confinement where they must serve a minimum of two years. After that period, if their conduct while in solitary warrants it, they will be placed in a regular prison population on probation for a period of one year.

Potentially dangerous. If the policy wasn't so tragic, the term would be almost laughable. A prisoner who is potentially dangerous is supposed to be all of us serving time in a maximum security prison. The media have been telling us that for years. In fact, it is supposed to be the criteria set out by the Correctional Service of Canada that a prisoner must meet to be placed in maximum security. Even without that silly argument, judging by all past events in the world, all human beings are potentially dangerous.

If the same program were instituted in an outside society, it would resemble the suspension of all Habeas Corpus laws, such as happened during the War Measures Act. Can no one out there grasp the significance of that. Can they not see that a whole group of people had all rights this country is so proud of taken from them by an elected member of the state legislature. A representative elected to guarantee the rights of all people.

This same representative is also the head of the state police force. Under pressure from them, will he so easily suspend Habeas Corpus laws throughout all of Canada? Will mothers once more be torn from their children in the middle of the night to be lodged in prison without formal charge or hearing as has already happened in Quebec?

To believe the Canadian Army is not prepared to move into Montreal on a moments notice is to be terribly naive. Was it not proven when the tanks moved so quickly to Laval such a short time ago? Rene Leveque must shiver every time he thinks of it.

When you deny the accustomed rights of one human being, no matter who that person is, you open the door for the same type of lawlessness for everyone. It happened in Nazi Germany, in the Soviet Union, and every other nation that has declared martial law.

We know at this time in history, with the backing of the United States and its puppet regimes all over the world. Can we honestly believe Canada's leaders are any different? What number of Chileans has Canada deported knowing there is a good chance they will be executed for their political views as soon as they are returned? To go further back in history, did our leaders not forbid a shipload of Jewish refugees escaping from Nazi Germany to land on our shores? Jewish people who were certain to be executed once returned too Europe. Can anyone disagree that the Klu Klux Klan are gaining strength in Canada by leaps and bounds when they are even invited into our schools to lecture our children?

People commit a grave error when they disregard what happens in Canada's prisons. They are not separated from society. They are part of it. We live on the same soil, are subject to the same laws, and governed by the same government. Because of our unique position

in society, those facts are often ignored. They shouldn't be because when the same government that governs you sets aside all forms of legal means to do what they like with us, that same government has proven itself to be totally lacking in all forms of social justice and if the need arises, will treat you in the same matter.

Prisoners are on the bottom of the social ladder, but never-the-less, are on that ladder. One weak rung should make any thinking person very sceptical of trusting the people controlling that ladder. It might well be that the rung they are on will prove itself the next weak one.

People had better recognize that and not put their fate in a government that has already proven itself to have respect for law or fair play only when it suits their purpose.

Prisoners will spend their years in solitary without benefit of charge, trial, or hearing. They don't really have much choice. Perhaps one day you will find yourself in a similar situation. If so, think back to what has happened to those prisoners and realize that you had ample warning but chose to ignore it.

When you, the citizens of Canada allowed that to happen, you opened the door to your own slavery. I hope you wear your chains as well as those potentially dangerous prisoners will.

Tommy Smith

THE LAST REQUEST

There were several lights on in the house and cars were pulled up in the driveway and along the street. It looked like a party was going on but what dispelled the illusion was the absence of noise and gaiety. Except for subdued talking and the occasional embarrassed laugh, the house was relatively quiet. The reason for all this was that an occupant lay inside dying.

In an upstairs bedroom, old Jacob, patriarch of the family lay in bed quietly resigned to the fact that he wouldn't be around much longer. The doctor had told him that there was no hope and he would pass away in a matter of hours. The gathering of friends and family down below were paying their last respects.

Jacob was philosophical about it all. He had lived a good life with its share of good times and bad. His family had grown and prospered. His wife, Sarah, would be left in comfortable circumstances and all and all, Jake was content with the way he was leaving this world.

A door opened below and Jake heard a fresh murmur of voices. More people had arrived. Bad news travels fast, he thought wryly to himself. It was pleasant to know that friends from years gone by would take the time to drop in and say farewell.

Jake stirred restlessly. An aroma from the past had gently wafted its way into the bedroom. The old man sniffed the air and his mouth began to water. Apple strudel! No one could make apple strudel like his Sarah could. Memories of early marriage flowed into his consciousness. He recalled the times he would come home and find the air filled with the delicious scent. Cinnamon! Apples! All those secret spices that Sarah would put into her pastry! An intense hunger pervaded his body.

"Sarah" he called, "Sarah!"

The old lady, alarmed at the stridening in his voice, hurried down the hallway and came into his bedroom.

"What is it Jake" she asked? "Are you alright? Is anything the matter?"

"I'm alright Sarah," Jake replied. "I was just laying here and all at once I wanted a piece of apple strudel."

Oh Jake, the old lady wailed, I only made enough for the funeral."

Doug Todd

HALF PRICE

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Our Motto Is

We Grease The Right Palms
Call: Shyster Incorporated

FILLING PAGES

I'd sit here like an idiot and tell you the story of my life but it would even bore me to death never mind you. I'd even write you some poetry but I'm really lousey at that too. The best I could come up with the last time I tried was:

My love reaches out to her
Enveloped by tender feelings
forced by my longing
To see her
One more time
Before this prison
Does its job
And destroys
My ability
To feel.

Corny as hell but what can I do? Somehow I have to fill this Newsletter. It's long over due now and I know if I ever came up with an original idea, it would cause a concussion that I might never come out of. Besides, if I tried to tell you all the things I would like to, it would never get past the censor.

As much as I hate to admit it, you're just going to have to settle for the ramblings of an idiot. One of those idiots who fill page after page without saying anything. I can't write of prison reform because I believe that dynamite is the only real method to reform these concrete hells. The authorities wouldn't like to hear of me advocating that at all.

That's only my views though. People who are supposed to have a hell of a lot more brains than I have figure painting the cells pink would do the job. The only reason they haven't really gone all out with it in North America is its connotations with communism. Think of the possibilities though. After pink torture chambers

we could come out with pink highways. Like what motorist could possibly be aggressive on a pink highway?

Anything is possible though, I guess. Some people can even stand the smell that has been coming out of Toronto lately, and that has to be the dirtiest city in the entire world. Just recently they arrested hundreds of people for going to bath houses. If the capitalists wouldn't kick up such a storm, they would probably outlaw soap next. All of this sort of thing comes under the heading of civil rights. Like if you wear a uniform and carry a gun, you have the right.

Just think how wonderful Toronto will be to live in after the bigots have their way and all of those people go to jail. The only civilians left will be the K.K.K. and the Right Guard.

It kind of reminds me of a conversation I overheard in the yard just after the assassination attempt on Reagan. The newspapers were just full of garbage concerning gun control laws. The guys were really elated about it. As the one guy said, "Man, the only people left out there with guns will be us and the coppefs. Everybody else will be fair game."

It's called rehabilitation. We all get it. Return to our former station in life. Torture chambers teach us to love our fellow human beings and if anything will wipe out crime, it's love. And who could live in Millhaven without learning to love everybody? Every time they rip our cages apart, they teach us to respect other people's property. Teaching us proper behaviour through example is the best method in the world. Are we ever going to be respectful people when we finally leave here.

What a terrible pessimist. The wonderful government

we have does everything they possibly can for us and we still don't appreciate it. According to the Commissioner, we have a wonderful prison system. Every prisoner, whether male or female, has a cage of his or her very own. That is something to be proud of. Like it's not every country that can afford to build that many cages. Of course, it's not every country that would want to. Feeding the hungry something besides dog food is a greater concern than bigger and better prisons in some parts of the world. That's called socialism though and North America isn't into that trip at all.

But who really cares? From what I gather, something like ten per cent of the population is out of work in this country and must be having a terrible time just trying to survive. Feeding their children must take all of the energy and time for thought they have. I imagine that is very important to those people. It would have to be. Unfortunately, it isn't all that important to the people who could do something about it though. Or at least it isn't as important to them as it is that I have this seven by ten foot cell all to my very self. It couldn't be or they wouldn't be spending over 160 million dollars to build more of them. Like that much money would build a lot of decent homes for the people now living in sub-standard housing or pay for one hell of a lot of food that hungry people now have to do without.

Of course, that all depends on your priorities. Like whether you want to care about your fellow human beings or whether you want to torture them. Canada has already shown its priorities and it kind of wants to make me want to puke. Of course, I do have a nice clean cell all to myself though.

Tommy Smith

THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S PROGRAM PLAN OF SEGREGATION

A CRITIQUE

Prison, a pictured intrusion stained your way leaving our way of yesterday no different than tomorrow to climb between these lines with your face beaten, broken.... an indication to attention sir, seeking only your saddened understanding of human worth. This penciled discourse a final gesture of individuality loosing to your stripmining, a program planned murder of so much and so many.

Are government manufactured time-bombs too strong of a pictured preference of wording to have you, the public, grasp the significant aspects in regard to the Canadian government's effort to protect your person and property. I refer to those of us inside your social garbage dumps. We are the recipients of your scientifically measurable destruction of perceived freedoms. Human worth, dignity, the expression of self and perception the cognitive aspirations of the mind that are reinforced through the aquisition of knowledge and an understanding of an enriched environment. These are proven facts. Why then do we have a new improved plan of segregation allowing for the systematic classification that will see upward of 400 men become imprisoned within a prison; the deprivational aspects of such a move are staggering.

The Federal Court Act sections 18 and 28 respectively, guarantee the effective administration of Criminal

Justice in this country.

Our Prime Minister of Canada equated the human warehousing that takes place at Millhaven Maximum Security Penitentiary as something that would be envied by the Kremlin as a model of dissident control; the inside truth of a candid remark, yet on the other hand has said that as long as he is in charge there will never be a legislative murder of a human being through Capital Punishment. Is this a marginal decision?

The Odyssey Group of Millhaven Penitentiary and other prisoner's rights groups are only as strong as the machinery behind them. The Canadian Government P.R. campaigns suggest "wonderful" things are given to the men caged behind concrete and steel. This indicative of the present picture Joe Citizen has of the situation.

I have lived inside for twelve years now, since I was sixteen and believe me I know how much good a healthy horizon of people would be for me. Do not close the door any more on the growth of human understanding thus limiting the potential of a human being to entertain and indulge your intelligence with their effort at life. If you do though, this sad destruction will eventually surface as violence in your homes or in the streets catered by your Federal Government's response to Crime and the Criminal.

D. Milgaard

CENSORSHIP

Putting this Newsletter together has been a terrible experience for me. It requires a bit of work, has taken up a lot of my time, and has left me climbing the walls.

The work doesn't mean all that much because it isn't all that tough anyway. Typing doesn't exactly strain muscles. At least, not that I ever heard of.

It might have taken a lot of time, but I have lots of that to spare anyway. Some people might even think of it as something to kill the time. Something to stop you from going mad, something very constructive. A real character builder.

It could be all of that I suppose if it wasn't for censorship. Censorship is just a little too tough for anybody to live with. Not being able to say what you really feel is so insidious that it leaves you frustrated enough to climb the walls. Enough to want to scream your rage out so bitterly that the very echo would bring the walls crashing down. That's what censorship does to you. Especially when you know you are censoring yourself because what you really want to say won't be approved.

I don't have any monopoly on truth, but neither does any censor. His truths could never be mine anyway. We're looking from different sides of the mountain and seeing entirely different terrain. Their truths make me feel like puking. The same truths make them happy but that's what life is all about.

The facts I see lead me to certain conclusions. Right or wrong, they're mine. They see the same facts much differently. A new policy is instituted and prison staff sincerely believe prisoners will

reap some good from it. I see the same policy as just another weapon aimed at our heads. This stinking cage I live in is even turned into a weapon to control me. Anytime I break a rule it can be taken away from me. But they think we should really appreciate the privileges they hang over our heads. Like a piece of candy to be snatched away any time they disapprove of our conduct.

Censorship is so rotten that I can't even say what I'd really like to about it or the people who impose it. Everytime they put a slip of paper under my door it has the term 'inmate' on it and I hate the term, but I have to live with it. I had a few names for them that I thought described them perfectly but they were censored out of previous magazines. He who has the gun defines the world.

Magazines that allow me to write what I really feel are barred from this prison. I can write for them but I can't read them. That's not quite as bad as Kent penitentiary in British Columbia though. They aren't even allowed to receive this one. Although I haven't seen any, we're promoting insurrection in this Newsletter. It makes me wonder if the prisoners out there are allowed to listen to Joan Baez or whether they have an automatic shut-off on their radios that shuts them off every time she comes on.

Humourous? I don't really know. I haven't heard if it has happened or is even possible. It's my opinion that the authorities would do it if they thought it was a good idea though.

A sign was hanging on a wall that went something like "Profanity is nothing more than a fool's way of attempting to express himself forcefully." Not

wanting to advertise my being a fool, it has never been used or even attempted to be used in this Newsletter. Since we're not allowed to engage in sexual activities, other than the very few eligible for family visits, we really can't describe anything that would offend the Ontario Censor Board. Chopping heads off is not offensive. They allowed "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre" to be shown but not "Tin Drum." Mutilated bodies are more beautiful than sex. Or at least, they're less offensive.

That's just a matter of taste though, isn't it? The difference in taste between the person who has something to say and the censor. Unfortunately, the censor's taste is always right. He's always backed by the man with the gun and like Mao says....

Anyway, after more years than I wish to recall, I'm being transferred to a medium security prison so will be turning this job over to someone else. I wish him all the luck in the world.

Tommy Smith

"Well, there's a lot of bleeding hearts around here that just don't like to see people with helmets and guns! All I can say is go on and bleed! But it's more important to keep law and order in society than to be worried about weak-kneed people who don't like the looks of an army.

Pierre Trudeau

SING TO ME

Sing
To me
Darkness, my friend;
Show me that
You still care;

Sing
Me
The song
About being alone
With just your soul
And the thoughts
Of the tomorrows
That may
Never come;

Sing
Me
The song
About the one I loved
Who left me just
To see me
F
a
l
l;
Sing
Me
The song
About death
That I wrote
So many times before;

Sing it loud and clear
Let the angels appear
And take me
Take me now;

Please:

Darkness,
My friend
Help me:
For the night
is much to long
And
I am much
Too alone
Sing to me

Lise 'Lyndy' Pelletier

Dec. 1980 P 4 W

ENCOUNTER WITH REALITY: A TEAR FELL

The paper doll world
Of yesterday's dream
Has been shattered,
Crushed with reality;

Came tumbling down
Onto me like a rock
Splattering what hopes
I had left;

Pushed my way through
The maddening confusion
Fought back the temptation
Of illusion

A tear fell

Lise 'Lyndy' Pelletier
Written December 22, 1980
In segregation at the P 4 W

FANTASY ESCAPE

Come
Escape
This loneliness
With me
Together we'll share
A smile
So much
Needed;

We'll
Lay Down
Upon the softness
Of our long forgotten dreams
That we just
Let pass
Us by;

We'll
Touch the night
With hopes
Of reviving
The passion
That so long ago
Had died;

We'll
Let our bodies
Do the talking
While we listen
To the thoughts
Echoing in our minds;

That love
Is just
A breath away;

Come
We'll escape
This sad moment
Together we'll smile;
When tomorrow gets here
We'll turn back the pages,
And leave one another;

Only to find us
Searching
For you and me.

Lise 'Lyndy' Pelletier

ANGEL OF MY DREAMS

Angel, come to me now
Free me from this prison
Of the cold and lonely;
Take the chains away
Let me live once more
Tonight, while I can

Take my hand and guide me
Through this confusion
While the devils play
Their silly game;
Fly me over these stone walls
To the one I love and left behind;

Let me stay just awhile
To touch the warmth, and
Feel the hope of surviving
This endless nightmare;

Angel, don't ever leave me
When I need you desperately so;
Without you, my nights could never be
And my dreams would be lost.

Lise 'Lyndy' Pelletier
Oct. 1980 P4W

YOU

To feel for you
From my desolate heart
Is like the flowers
That need the sunshine
To grow, and maintain
Beauty;

Just to talk to you
Would be like the grass
That needs the morning dew
To cleanse away the filth;
To initiate the lost
Innocence;

Just to see you
Would be like the evening sunset
That comes, and has to go;
Only wishing
You should never;

Just to smile with you
Would be like watching
The child in me learning
How to crawl before
I walk;

The need for you
Is like the fire
Needing a flame;
A burning ember
We shall remain.

Lise 'Lyndy' Pelletier

Dec. 1980 P.4W.

IF EVERYTHING COULD BE MINE

If the sun could be mine
I would shine a ray of smiles
Upon you always;

If the wind could be mine
I would blow away
The sadness in your eyes
And
Blow some happiness
Your way;

If the seasons could be mine
I would give you summer days
Filled with
Chasing butterflies,
Riding high,
And being free;

If the music could be mine
I would sing you a song
Each and every day
Softly
Touching
The warmth
Of you;

If the chance could be mine
I would kiss you
A thousand times more
And
Love you
As lovers do;

If the love you have could be mine
I would treasure it a lifetime
And
Seek no more;

Then
If everything could be mine
I would give it all to you
And
It would be yours
To keep.

Lise 'Lyndy' Pelletier
Dec. 1980 P.4.W.

ONLY MOTIONS OF LIFE

Rage and frustrations
Build deep within
Prisoners play acting
Illusions
To get them through
Yet another day
As the prison system
Creates more mind twisting regulations
Stripping away
Another piece
Of men's
And women's
Dignity
Until they become bewildered
Human beings
Only going through
The emotions
Of life

Freddie Jo Morry

SEPARATION

That neither of us will see the other die
No oozing tears and pity
The close watching, wondering who's first
It will happen someplace else
One of us will know later
Among the crises of blurred eyesight
Constipation and insomnia
A sick old woman, a sick old woman
Spared nothing
Spared pain and unnecessary grief
Spared love

Chico

WORNOUT ELECTRIC STOVE IN THE SNOW

I've lived alone in my skin for leap years
Outside the snow falls inside
The great barn of the universe
And I notice the philosophy
Is impossible with no women
Why is that?
I'm dangerously close to sanity
No social graces and no doubt eccentric
While six cusswords of querulous wind
Penetrate bones and offal snow covers
All with white toilet paper and
Flag ship cedars bend like pretzels
I have no philosophy for springtime
But out on the lawn
That electric gimmick sits reproachful
If there a summer ever
That thing must go

SADNESS

All wavery yellow and gold things
Shining across the window of summer things
Remind me of you as well as old clichés about oil and water
However true, remind me also of the enormous load
Of information and so-called wisdom accumulated
From the human past which supplies no hint
Of memory bank of ways and means
By which a man and woman may live together
In a rented room and looking back
And ahead in all directions
Notice nothing
Except each other
Except their fever
Except their dying
As time continues, forever

ON PRISONERS' SHOULDERS

Men and women
Locked in cages
Air heavy
With the hopelessness
And despair
Of time weary souls
Nerves tensed
As the waiting
For something
Anything to happen
Turns into years
Becoming lost
In the sameness
Of the days
And tomorrow
Hangs heavy
On the prisoners' shoulders

MATSQUI '79

"WALLS"

Soaked with time
Not of age
But of lost dreams
And
Strangled half thoughts
Buried in boredom
Leaving faceless people
Staring through
Blind eyes
At their self made
Degration

"Dreams scattered and lost
among rust ruined yesterdays
leaving behind a touch of sadness"

FOR JACKIE B.

I wait for you
Behind a patient smile
As you look around
Trying to find your mind
For a few precious moments
You stop to be with me
But as I begin to speak
My words fall on emptiness
For once again you're gone
And I hide my sadness
With a smile, and a whisper:
I'll wait for you

MIND CONTROL

Free thought
Manipulated
Into apathy
As life's energy
Is quickly drained away
Struggling to remain one step ahead
Of rules and regulations
Created
For the sole purpose of mind control
The system's newest psychological program
In the overflowing prisons
Of a controlled society

Freddie Jo Morry

STOP

Stop
Look at me
Tell me what
You really see
Is it a man
Who was born free
Or just
A human machine
That can't even think
Independently?

AS ONE - FOR HARRY LEWIS

From within the cells
That stand facing each other
Like tombs
We rapped away the lonely hours
Finding one another's beauty
Hidden within self-made defences
Of embittered anger
We shared the inner mysteries
Of time-weary lonely souls
To discover lost universes within
Freeing us from physical prisons
To roam together as one
Unhampered by society's laws
The chains of mortal bondage broken
Thrown to the elements
Leaving behind only a whisper
Of cynical laughter

Freddie Jo Morry

YESTERDAY JANET

Yesterday
As I sit alone
I thought
Of you
Words
You've written
Filled my mind
Until...
So slowly
I sensed
Your pressure near
You seemed to smile
And touched my hand
As if
To say
I understand

HERE COMES THE '70s

In beauty and in naked innocence
For all the world to see
You walked across
The warm white sand
While the summer sun
Kissed your soft smooth body
The peaceful sparkling sea
The unknown selfish sea
Whispered:
Come
Come to me

Freddie Jo Morry

SOCIETY

Why, why, why
Can't they understand
The way I am
Must they crush
Every living thing
Beneath their feet
To prove
To prove what?
To who

PENNY KISSES

When I first met you
Under the wooden sidewalk
On head street (in Esquimalt B.C.)
I never would have guessed
You were the kind of girl
I would have selling
Kisses for a single penny
I wonder now
After thirty years have passed
Could I have got you
To sell even more
If we had been older than five?
But then we were happy
With pennies way back then

Freddie Jo Morry

If you must show your anger
Then let it be with me
Not with these people
Too blind to see

KENT

Cellblocks of loneliness
And despair
"Inmates" clinging
To lost dreams
With loved ones
Pretending nothing
Between them has changed
Watching pigs
Slowly remake them
Into nameless beings
Who have lost the will
To speak out
Against the theft
Of their manhood
And self-respect
Alone in a cell
With their
Early morning fears
That rise slowly within
To drain strength
Much needed
To carry
Them through
Another hour
Another week
Another year

Freddie Jo Morry

UPTIGHT

In a world
Of insanity
Emotions gone wild
Like the storm tossed ocean
In a hurricane
I lash out
At humanity
Trying
To rid myself
Of horror filled fantasies

THE GODS HEARD

The Gods heard
A faint little voice
And as they looked down
Their eyes grew moist
A child looked up
With sightless eyes
Praying to the heavens
In soft weak cries
Her small body broken
Twisted and ravaged by pain
From bombs of war
Falling around her
A deathly rain
Please God, she whispered
Please listen to me
It's not for myself
I make this plea
It's for the people everywhere
In all the different lands
For those with the greed in their hearts
And the weapons in their hands
Please show them the way
To end all wars
Fill their hearts with love
Throw open all the doors

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